Cref. Then ſweet my Lord ile call mine vncle downe,
Hee ſhall vnbolt the gates.
Troyl. Trouble him not.
To bed to bed : ſleepe kill thoſe pritty eyes,
And giue as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As infants empty of all thought.
Cref. Good morrow then.
Troyl. I prithee now to bed.
Cref. Are you a weary of me?
Troyl. O *Creſſeida* ! but that the buſie day,
Wak't by the Larke hath rouzd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cref. Night hath beene too briefe.
Tro. Beſhrew the witch ! with venemous wights ſhe ſtaies
As tediouſly as hell, But flies the graſpes of loue,
With wings more momentary ſwift then thought,
You will catch colde and curſe me.
Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O fooliſh *Creſſeid*, I might haue ſtill held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke ther's one vp.
Pand. Whats all the doores open heere?
Troyl. It is your Vncle.
Cref. A peſtilence on him : now will he be mocking?
I ſhall haue ſuch a life.
Pand. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Creſſeid*?
Cref. Go hang your ſelfe, you naughty mocking vncle,
You bring me to doo---and then you flout me to.
Pand. To do what, to do what? let her ſay what,
What haue I brought you to doe?
Cref. Come, come, beſhrew your heart, youle nere be good,
nor ſuffer others.
Pand. Ha, ha : alas poore wretch : a poore *chipochia*, haſt
not ſlept to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
ſleepe, a bug-beare take him.
Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head,
Who's that at doore, good vncle go and ſee. *One knocks.*

My

My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,
You ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troyl. Ha, ha.
Cref. Come you are deceiued, I thinke of no ſuch thing,
How earneſtly they knock, pray you come in. *Knock.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you ſeene here, *Exeunt.*
Pand. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pand. Who's there my Lord *Æneas*: by my troth I knew
you not : what newes with you ſo early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* heere?
Pand. Here, what ſhould he do here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to ſpeake with me.
Pan. Is he here ſay you? its more then I know ile be ſworne
For my owne part I came in late : what ſhould hee doe
here?
Æne. Who, nay then! Come, come, youle do him wrong,
ere you are ware, youle be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.
Troyl. How now, whats the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce haue leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh : there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to him, and forth-with,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this houre,
We muſt giue vp to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Creſseida*.
Troyl. Is it ſo concluded?
Æne. By *Priam* and the generall ſtate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troyl. How my atchiuements mock me,
I will go meete them : and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.
Æn Good, good my lord, the ſecrets of neighbor *Panda*
Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

H *Pan*